I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.
M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurse.*

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
Euermore showring in one litle body?
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Saylingin this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, how how, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene sickenesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen blesse her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your gossips go.
Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.